The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too: I vvould not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts, my gentle Queene.
Por. In termes of choiſe, I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a Maidens eyes:
Beſides, the Lotterie of my Deſtinie
Bars me the right of voluntary chooſing.
But if my Father had not ſcanted mee,
And hedg'd me by his vvit, to yeeld my ſelfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you;
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) then ſtood as faire
As any commer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection. *Mor.* Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this *Symitare*
That ſlew the *Sophy*, and a Perſian Prince,
That won three fields of *Sultan Solyman*;
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that looke,
Out-brave the Heart moſt daring on the earth,
Plucke the young ſucking Cubs from the ſhe-Beare;
Yea, mock the Lyon vvhen a rores for pray,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miſſe that which one unworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving. *Por.* You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong,
Never to ſpeake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come, bring me unto my chance.
Por. Firſt, forward to the Temple, after dinner
Your hazzard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me bleſt or curſedſt amongſt men. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to runne from this Iewe my Maſter: the fiend is at my elbow, and temps me, ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe*, good *Lancelet*, or good *Iobbe*, or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, uſe your legges, take the ſtart, runne away; my conſcience ſayes no, take heede honeſt *Launcelet*, take heede honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afore-ſaide honeſt *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well, the moſt coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſayes the fiend, away ſayes the fiend, for the heavens rouſe up a brave minde ſayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conſcience hanging about the necke of my heart, ſayes very wiſely to me: my honeſt friend *Launcelet* being an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne; for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmacke, ſomething grow to; he had a kind of taſt; well, my conſcience ſayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge ſayes the fiend, bouge not ſayes my conſcience; conſcience, ſay I, you counſell well, fiend, ſay I, you counſell well, to be rul'd by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Iewe my Maſter, (who God bleſſe the marke) is a kinde of devill; and to runne away from the Iew I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſaving your reverence is the devill himſelfe: certainly the Iew is the very devill incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to counſaile me to ſtay with the Iewe, the fiend gives the more friendly counſaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Maſter young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to maſter Iewes?

Launcelet. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand blinde, high gravell blinde, knowes me not; I will try confuſions with him.

Gobbo. Maſter young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maſter Iewes.

Launcelet Turne up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turne of no hand, but turne down indirectly to the Iewes houſe.

Gobbo